

## POETRY.

From the Tribune.

### Christ Betrayed.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

Eighteen hundred years ago  
Was that deed of darkness done;  
To a shameful death, betrayed,  
And Iscariot's traitor name  
Blazoned in eternal shame.  
Thou, disciple of our time,  
Follower of the faith sublime,  
Who with high and holy scorn  
Of that traitorous deed dost burn,  
Though the years may never more  
To our earth that form restore,  
The Christ-Spirit ever lives,  
Ever in thy heart He strives.  
When pale misery mutely calls,  
When thy tempted brother falls,  
When thy gentle words may chain  
Hate, and Anger, and Disdain,  
Or thy loving smile impart  
Courage to some sinking heart;  
When within thy troubled breast  
Good and evil thoughts contest,  
Though unconscious thou may'st be,  
The Christ-Spirit strives with thee.

When He trod the Holy Land  
With His small Disciple band,  
And the fatal hour had come  
For that august martyrdom;  
When the man, the human love,  
And the God within Him strove,  
As in Gethsemane He wept,  
They, the faithless watchers, slept;  
While for them He wept and prayed,  
One denied and one betrayed.

If to-day thou turn'st aside  
In thy luxury and pride,  
Wrapped within thyself and blind  
To the sorrows of thy kind,  
Thou a faithless watch dost keep,  
Thou art one of those who sleep.  
Or, if waking thou dost see  
Nothing of Divinity  
In our fallen, struggling race,  
If in them thou seest no trace  
Of a glory dimmed, not gone,  
Of a Future to be won,  
Of a Future, hopeful, high,  
Thou, like Peter, dost deny.  
But if, seeing, thou believest,  
If the Evangel thou receivest,  
Yet if thou art bound to Sin,  
Fate to the Ideal wilt find,  
Slave of Ease, or slave of Gold,  
Thou the Son of God hast sold.

### An Appeal for Ireland.

O! list to the wail—the wail of the dying—  
The cry of the famishing, perishing crowd;  
Hark! infants are sobbing and mothers are sighing,  
And iron-nerved men are weeping aloud.  
Loud booming across the ocean's dark water  
Comes the cry of the needy, the noble and brave;  
The strong men are falling—they fall in the slaughter  
Gaugt famine is working—oh! pity and save.  
They stagger and reel—their strength is all wasted,  
Pale, pale is the cheek, and dimmed is the eye,  
Each huskily whispers—"No food have I tasted,  
O! 'tis hard from sheer famine thus slowly to die."  
They carry him homeward—O! cheerless the greeting,  
Pale wife and wan children are weeping at home;  
Yet true to their love, his name oft repeating,  
The morsel's untouched till the absent one come.  
O! list to the wailing—the strong men are failing—  
O! hear how they cry for a morsel of food;  
Their prayers then prevailing, with mercy availing,  
Shall teach you how blessed it is to do good.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE PLOUGH AND SWORD.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

In one of the quiet villages that beautify the valley of the Connecticut, sleeping like nests among the green drapery, was a pleasant and somewhat antique farm-house. It stood retired from the public road, overshadowed by a lofty elm, with broad, drooping branches. A silver brooklet came bubbling from the hillside in its back-ground; then flowing into a nook amid the roots of some old trees, and growing deeper and more subdued, was content to refresh the steed of the passing traveler, or the herds who drank and ruminated in its waters, as though it was to them a Helicon.

The smaller tenements and appendages of the farm-house evinced neatness and good husbandry. A dense hawthorn clustered along its piazza, and a row of bee-hives sent forth their busy people among the thyme and balm-beds. The sound of the matron's wheel, mingling with her song, was heard from the open casement in summer, while the rich produce from the churn and the cheese-press attested her skill in the dairy.

In the labors of the farmer, his two young sons were constant and active participants.—They assisted to draw the furrow in early spring, and to scatter the seed from whence their bread was to grow. In the summer, they followed the scythe with their lighter implements, preparing the fragrant food for their domestic animals. In autumn they aided to gather into the garner the varied bounty that God, through their mother earth, sent as a reward for faithful toil. In winter they sought with equal diligence, at the district school, those mental stores which were to enrich the whole life.

One cold evening, they were seated with their books beside a bright fire fed by the trees of their own forest, while their lamp cast a cheerful ray over the snow-covered landscape. "The younger, a boy of thirteen, threw aside his lesson, and said:—

"I intend to be a soldier. I have read of Alexander the Great, and of Bonaparte.—

There is nothing in this world so great as the fame of the warrior."

His brother raised a thoughtful brow, and regarded him with a steady glance for a few moments ere he replied,—"To destroy life, and bring mourning into families, and misery into the world, seems to me cruel, instead of glorious."

"O, but the rich dress, the fine music, and the glittering arms, think of them! And then, the honor and the praise! To have hosts of soldiers under your command, and all the people talking of your courage, and distant nations applauding your victories; how can you be blind to such greatness as that?"

"Did not our minister say last Sunday, from the pulpit, that 'the end of life was the test of its greatness?' Now, Alexander of Macedon, whom you call the Great, fell in a fit of drunkenness, and Bonaparte died on a desolate island, like a chained wild beast."

"I am sorry to see you so easily prejudiced. Indeed, I must say you have very narrow mind. I doubt whether you are capable of admiring heroes. You had better, by all means, be a farmer. Your highest ambition, I suppose, is to break a pair of steers, or ride a dull cart-horse to market."

The voice of the father was heard from an adjoining apartment.

"Boys, go to bed!"

Thus ended, for that night, their conversation on martial glory, the only subject on which the strongly divergent opinions of the two brothers were not at variance.

A few instants swiftly and silently passed by. How quiet is the lapse of time in an agricultural village! Masses of men are not there to level the hillsides, or rear the brick where the forest waves, or toss the slumbering waters into the cauldron of the steam-spirit, or give the green lanes to the tramp of its iron horse.

Seed-time and harvest alternate—the beautiful seasons complete their annual round.—The child comes forth from the arms of its mother, and guides the plough; a little more silver is sprinkled on the heads that have passed their prime—the old man leans more heavily upon his staff—a few more green mounds are visible in the church yard.

The features of the rural scenery which we have already described, were but slightly changed. The elm had thrown its groined branches somewhat higher and marked out a broader circumference of shade. The brook still told an unfinished tale to listening summer, and in winter incrustured with frost-work and diamonds its root-wreathed basin. On the roof of the farm-house, more moss had gathered, and its rough brown fence was replaced by a white paling.

Within, was the same cheerful fire that blazed when we last visited it. By its hearthstone stood the same arm chair, but its former occupants had become tenants of that lowly bed which no rising sun awakens.—In their place sat the eldest son, and by his side a woman of mature age and pleasing countenance, on whose knee rested a fair infant. On a pallet, in a shaded nook of the apartment, two little ones quietly breathed in the sleep of innocence, and at a small table, two boys with thoughtful brows pondered their lessons. A winter storm was raging, and as the blast shook the casements, the farmer said to his wife,

"In such cold nights, I cannot help thinking of my poor brother. But so many years have passed since we heard aught of him, and his way of life was so full of danger, that it is most probable he no longer needs our sympathy."

"Husband, just as you began to speak, I thought I heard some one knock, or was it the wind striking the old elm tree?"

On opening the door, a motionless form was found extended near the threshold. A staff was still feebly grasped in his hand, and a crutch, that supplied the place of a lost limb, had fallen at his side; with difficulty he was borne in, and pillowed near the fire. After the application of restoratives, he opened his eyes, and seemed to gaze on every surrounding object—clock and oaken table, and large old bible—as on some recollected friend. Then there was some faint sound of "brother."

That tone touched the tender memories of earlier years. Their welcome to the poor wanderer, with the broken frame, the tattered garment, was heartfelt. Yet their tears flowed freely at his pathetic tones.

"See, I have come home to die!"

They hastened to spread the refreshing repast, and to press him to partake. Afterwards they induced him to retire to rest without taxing his exhausted strength by conversation. The next morning he was unable to rise. They sat by his couch, solacing his worn spirit with narratives of the changes that had befallen them and other friends in the peaceful spot of his birth. At intervals he mingled his own sad recital.

"I have had many troubles. But that which hath most bowed me down inwardly, was my disobedience in leaving home against the wishes, and without the knowledge of my parents, to be a soldier. I have felt the pain of my wounds, but the sting of conscience is keener. Hunger and thirst I have known, and the prisons of a foreign land.—When I lay sick and neglected, it would sometimes seem, in the fever-dream, that my mother bent kindly over me, as she would if I had only the head-ache—or that my father came with the great Bible in his hand, to read, as he used to do, before prayers, morning and evening. Then I cried out in agony, 'I am no longer worthy to be called thy son.'"

He paused, overcome with emotion, and his brother hastened to assure him of their perfect forgiveness, and of the fervor with which he was brought ever before the family altar as the son erring yet beloved.

"Ah, those prayers! They have followed me like angels' wings. But for them I might have been a reprobate both to God and man."

By little and little, as his feebleness admitted, he told the story of his wanderings. He had been in warfare both by sea and land. He had heard the deep ocean resound to battle thunders, and seen earth saturated with the red shower from the bosom of her sons. He had served in the armies of Europe, and pursued the hunted Indian in his own native clime. He had plunged recklessly amid the thickest dangers, seeking every where the glory that dazzled his boyhood, but to vain. He found the soldier's lot was hardship, privation and death, that others might win the fame. He saw what wounds and mutilations, what anguish, mourning, and death, were implicated in a single victory. He felt how far the renown of the greatest conqueror falls short of the good that he forfeits; how it fades away before the misery that he inflicts.

"For a few moments," said he, "on the verge of battle, I felt a shuddering, inexplicable horror at the thought of destroying

my fellow creatures; but in the heat of conflict all human sympathy vanished. Desperate madness took possession of me, and I cared neither for this world nor the next. I have been left helpless on the field beneath trampling horses, my open gashes stiffening in the chill night air, while no man cared for my soul. Yet why should I pain you by such descriptions! You have ever dwelt within the sweet influence of mercy, and shrank to distress even a soulless animal!—You cannot realize the hardness of heart that comes with such a life as I have led. The soldier is enforced to be familiar with suffering and violence. His moral and religious sensibilities are in constant peril. Profanity and contempt of sacred things mingle with the elements of the Sabbath are not for him. The precepts of the Gospel that were instilled into his childhood are in danger of being swept away. Still my heart cannot not to reproach me in seasons of reflection, though I would fain have silenced and made it callous. O! that it might be purified by penitence, ere I am called to answer for deeds of blood, and for a lost life."

His sympathizing brother and sister still cherished the hope, that by medical skill and careful nursing, his health might be restored. They placed much reliance on the salutary trains of feeling which the kindness of early friends awakened, and his constant assertion was, "my vital energies are wasted. They can be reclaimed no more. Death standeth at my right hand. When I came to the borders of this beautiful valley, my poor swollen limb tortured, and my whole frame began to fail. Then I besought Him whom I had so often forgotten. O! give me heart and hope, and hold me up but a little while, that I may die in the house where I was born, and be buried at the feet of my father and mother."

The suffering and humble man sought earnestly for the hope of salvation. Feeling that a great change was necessary ere he could be fitted for a realm of purity and peace; he studied the Scriptures with prayer, and listened to the counsels of pious men.

"Brother, dear brother, you have followed the examples of your parents. In the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, your life has flowed on like an untroubled stream. I chide to toss among whirlpools, and made shipwreck of all. You have kept the law of love even with inferior creatures. You have shorn the fleece, but not wantonly destroyed the lamb. You have taken the honey, and spared the laboring bee; but I have destroyed both hive and honey, the fleece and the flock, man and his habitation. I have cruelly defaced the image of God, and crushed out that breath which I can never restore. Bitter is the warfare of my soul with the prince of the power of the air, who ruleth in the children of disobedience."

As the last hour approached, he laid his cold hands on the heads of his brother's two little sons, saying with solemn emphasis,

"Choose the plough, and not the sword!"

Tender gratitude lighted up the glazing eye as he faintly uttered,

"Sister, brother, you have been angels of mercy to me. Peace be in your hearts, and upon your household."

The venerable pastor, who had been his teacher in childhood, and the comfort of his sickness, stood by his side as he went down into the dark valley of the shadow or death.

"My son, look unto the lamb of God."

"Yes, father. He taketh away the sin of the world."

The white-haired man lifted up a fervent supplication for the departing soul.

When he closed, the eyes of the dying man were closed. There was no more heaving of the breast, and gasping. And they spoke of him as having gone where no sin or sorrow can have place.

Yet again the eyelids trembled and one long struggling sigh burst from the marble lips. Bending down, the mournful brother caught the last sound, faint, yet tuneful.—"And of peace," and "Savior of sinners!"

### Death by Hunger.

The following thrilling description of death by hunger, is extracted from the speech made by S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, at the public meeting in that city on the 14th ult, for the purpose of adopting measures for the relief of the starving poor of Ireland:

"Oh! it is terrible, that in this beautiful world, which the good God has given us, in which there is plenty for us all, that men should die of starvation! In these days, when improvements in agriculture and mechanical arts have quadrupled the productiveness of labor; when it is manifest that the earth produces every year more than sufficient to clothe and feed all her thronging millions; it is a shame and a disgrace, that the word starvation has not long since become obsolete, or only retained to explain the dim legends of a barbarous age. You who have never been beyond the precincts of your own favored country; you, more especially, who have always lived in this great valley of the Mississippi—the cornucopia of the world—who see each day poured into the lap of your city food sufficient to assuage the hunger of a nation, can form but an imperfect idea of the horrors of famine; of the terror which strikes men's souls when they cry in vain for bread. When a man dies of disease, he alone endures the pain. Around his pillow are gathered sympathizing friends, who, if they cannot keep back the deadly messenger, cover his face and conceal the horrors of his visage as he delivers his stern mandate.

In battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little reck the soldier whether the hissing bullet seeks his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger, wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict; for if he had friends how could he die of hunger! He has not the hot blood of the soldier to sustain him; for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins. Famine comes not up like a brave enemy, storming, by a sudden onset, the fortress that resists.—Famine besieges. He draws his lines around the doomed garrison; he cuts off all supplies; he never summons to surrender, for he gives no quarter. Alas! for poor human nature, how can it sustain this fearful warfare! Day by day the blood reeders; the flesh decays; the muscles relax, and the sinews grow powerless. At last the mind, which at first had bravely nerved itself for the contest, gives way under the mysterious influences which govern its union with the body. Then he begins to doubt the existence of an overruling Providence; he hates his fellow-men, and glares upon them with the longings of a cannibal, and it may be, dies blaspheming!"

## The American Expedition to Japan.

Correspondence of the Sun.

U. S. SHIP COLUMBUS, MONROVIE, Sept. 20, 1846.

Knowing the interest our visit to Japan has excited among civilized nations, I dispatch the following particulars by an opportunity now offering for Boston. We sailed from Macao on the 26th of May, ostensibly for the Sandwich Islands, but with secret instructions to touch at the ports of Amoy and Chusan, on our way to Japan, and as far as possible to promote friendly intercourse between the Americans in those cities and the Chinese inhabitants. In this the gallant Com. Biddle was altogether successful, and after a run of fifteen days we have in sight of Japan, and in company with the Vincennes anchored below Yokohama, the commercial metropolis. Having no charts of the harbor, and the natives refusing to pilot us, we remained in the bay. The authorities came off and requested us not to come near the shore. They would supply us with everything we required, and deliver any communication we might have for their grand Cabot, or Emperor, who resides at Jeddo, some miles inland. Commodore Biddle forwarded his letter of introduction to the Emperor, from the President of the United States, which explained the objects of our visit. The Cabot is styled the "Emperor of the Islands," or "the sovereign of the archipelago of the islands under the sun."

This Majesty of the archipelago is thirty-three years of age, and has two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of territory, and an army of three hundred thousand infantry and ten thousand cavalry. Next to the Cabot is the Dairi, or spiritual head of the empire. These are sovereign in their respective governments and each in turn is compelled to obey the other. The Cabot has petty princes under him who rule the provinces into which the empire is divided. The Dairi has twelve wives and the Cabot an unlimited number. Polygamy is universal. The religion is like that of China. In art, science and literature, the Japanese are superior to the Chinese, from whom they descended. They have converted their barren islands into beautiful gardens, which rise in terraces on the mountains. They have copper, iron, steel and silver, and in working these metals they are not surpassed by Europeans. Coal also abounds in the islands. The manufacture of porcelain and glass, lacquered ware, silk and cotton goods, has been carried on by them for centuries. Their trade is confined to the Dutch, the Chinese and the Koreans, and the only port open to these is Nagasaki. Their dread of foreigners was caused by an attempt of the Emperor to establish the Roman Catholic Religion over them in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Dutch merchants disclosed the plot to the Japanese priests. The Cabot himself had embraced the Catholic religion, with a third of his people, and all these, with the Catholic Missionaries, were slain by the Dairi and his religious followers. Ever since, the Dutch merchants have enjoyed exclusive privileges, and all the great men of the empire speak the low Dutch with great fluency. By this means they obtain from Dutch newspapers an accurate knowledge of occurrences throughout the world.

As an evidence of this, we were asked to learn that they had heard of our intended visit. The President's letter informed the Emperor that the people of the United States were desirous of cultivating friendly relations with the Japanese, to which the Emperor replied that he had heard of the greatness of the United States; he hoped they would continue to be prosperous and happy, but the policy of his country would not permit him to open his ports to any but the Chinese and Dutch. He begged the Commodore to supply himself with what he wanted; that the people would furnish him all that the country afforded, and having obtained his supplies, he hoped he would never return to the bay as rapidly as possible and never return.—They brought us everything we wanted—as fuel, water and provisions, &c. but would take nothing in return. Accompanying the Emperor's reply was a bundle of worthless trinkets, as a present from his majesty to Com. Biddle, which he refused to accept. This puzzled the Japanese Ambassador. He dare not return with his presents, so he loitered around the deck until nightfall, and then throwing the bundle into the ship's boat, darted off to the shore. Commodore Biddle distributed the trinkets among the officers. We were not permitted to land, and the mandarins told us that if we attempted to land by force, they would all commit suicide by ripping out their intestines, that being the custom of their country. Some accepted our presents, but returned them all before we left. They would take nothing from us. Most of the officers and people who came on board brought their own provisions with them. Some wanted to sleep on board, but were not permitted. We could see none of their women, who are said to excel in beauty and virtue, and resent indignities to their honor by committing suicide at once.—Their men are extremely beautiful, and even in middle age present the full development of athletic power, with the freshness and vigor of youth. They retain a great age. Animal food is not in general use. We could obtain neither beef nor pork, but received poultry, game, eggs and vegetables in abundance. Their officers dress in gowns, much like our female attire. Each had two swords, a small one and a large one, equal in temper and finish to our best American swords.—The soldiers dress in flexible metallic armor, which is beautifully japanned, and covers the body and limbs. Each wears on his back the armorial insignia of his regiment, and in some instances a cross was worked in their coat of arms, probably in commemoration of the massacre of the Christians. Their boats had similar devices on their flags, and each different. In religious opinions they are greatly divided. Yet the Buddhists, the followers of Sinto and the disciples of Confucius all agree in the following, which constitute the moral philosophy of the Empire, viz: 1. not to kill, nor to eat any creature that has been killed; 2. not to commit fornication nor adultery; 3. not to steal; 4. not to lie; and, 5. to abstain from wine and all intoxicating drinks. They are friendly and polite in their intercourse with each other and with strangers. Education is universal; seminaries of learning are established in all the towns, and each of the converts contain one thousand or more learned men, who adopt the principles of celibacy and devote themselves to religion and education. They have a fair knowledge of our arts and sciences; they have books and newspapers, and the art of printing was known among them some hundred years before its invention in Europe. They write from right to left and from left to right, in continuation. Their notion of suicide is most

extraordinary. It is considered meritorious to commit suicide to avoid disgrace or serve the Cabot or the Dairi. In cases of earthquakes or storms, from which the islands suffer every few months, the authorities order numbers of the people to commit suicide to appease the offended deity, and the order is at once obeyed. These self-sacrifices are generally made to the devil, or the spirit of evil, from fear of his power. Their worship of the Good Spirit is carried on by sacrifices of fruits and sacred offerings in the temples, before the idols. One of the idols at the Island of Meaco, of which a Mandarin gave me some account, is eighty feet broad and seventy feet high, and is made of solid copper from the mines. Ecclesiastical affairs occupy much time. The Clergy are rich and well provided for. In bringing the water to the ships, the natives use pails and buckets.—In propelling the boats they used sculls.—Their largest vessels were from fifty to seventy tons, having one mast and one sail.—Taken altogether, the Japanese are a plain, simple, unostentatious people, and whether the other nations will succeed in opening intercourse with them, remains to be seen. A French fleet was to visit Jeddo after us, to be followed by an English fleet, which latter will probably batter down their walls. \* \* \*

### Morgue, or Dead-House of Paris.

The foreign correspondent of the Newark Observer gives the following account of that philanthropic structure in Paris called the Morgue, to which are conveyed the bodies of all unknown persons, who meet with accidental or violent deaths. If not claimed by any friend, they remain there three days, and are then interred at the public expense. The number thus annually buried is about three hundred, of which one-sixth only are female. Dr. A. K. Gardner of New York, is the correspondent, and writes as follows:

Near the Pont St. Michael is situated a structure, which attracts the notice of every stranger visiting the city, in consequence of the publications of travellers; and yet is a building, possessing no interest in itself.—Composed of stone, but without pretension, plain, and even insignificant, without a sign or flag, or any thing else to distinguish it, every body would be in danger of overlooking one of the most extraordinary places in Paris, were it not for the numbers of people seen constantly entering and soon returning from the enclosure. Following the multitude to-day, I entered a small room divided into two parts by a glass partition, from which the company is prevented from making too near an approach, by an iron railing. The crowd of dirty blouses, charcoal-men, washer-women, market-women, and hucksters of all sorts, is so great that we are kept for some time at a little distance. A quantity of clothes is hanging on nails around this apartment; such as are near, are of poor quality—an old cap, and the well-worn garments of a man, having the appearance of being rough dried, full of wrinkles and much soiled. Beyond these, in the middle, hangs the apparel of a woman; a pretty open-work straw bonnet with a neat ribbon, a straw shawl, a dress of white cambric, and body linen of fine texture; from all of which the water is dripping. Still further on, are the garments of a man, of costly materials, but dabbled with blood. Iron frames, supporting inclined boards to the number of eight or ten, were arranged round the room, into which we had looked. On these, directly underneath the collection of clothes, were outstretched the bodies of their owners, stripped naked with the exception of a slight covering of small size about the loins. Of these unfortunate, after inquiry, I obtained the following account:

The character of the first might be read without much difficulty in his red and bloated face, bearing indelible traces of the ravages of strong drink. He had been drawn from the Seine, into which he had thrown himself, or unintentionally fallen. The body had evidently remained some days in the river, and becoming thus putrescent, a constant shower of water was projected upon it from a cock, which was fixed over it, as well as all the other inclined frames. The owner of the feminine apparel was a young girl of about twenty-two years, and more than commonly handsome. Her delicate features were as white as marble, contrasting strongly with her hair of jetty black, which fell in dishevelled but most luxuriant masses upon her beautiful shoulders and naked breasts. She had just been taken from the water, and there she lay in such beautiful repose, that, but for the associations of the place, one might have imagined her a nered in placid slumber. The morning papers gave her name and history. She was not a goddess, but only a poor grisette, who earned a meagre subsistence by daily labor. She was employed in a shop to sell goods, and had lived in pleasant harmony with a young clerk in the same establishment many years. But latterly, it seemed, he felt her charms to be less attractive, and growing tired of her society, he had fomented a dispute on purpose to effect a separation; and so he left her to seek her fortune on her own. The poor girl, however, being not gifted with the same selfish facility, or heartless infidelity, found herself unable to support the estrangement, and sought a reconciliation.—But in vain. Her false lover had accomplished his object, and thus abandoned, she felt that the only way

"To bring repentance to her lover,  
And wring his heart-strings, was to die."

A leap from the Pont Neuf, where the swift Seine runs most rapidly, and all was over.

The other body was a Spaniard from the West Indies. A long purse in Paris very shortly exhibits to view the terrible epitaph,—"Mene, tekel, upharisim."

But when the gambler puts his fingers into it, the catastrophe is too sudden to admit any premonition. Constant losses had nearly exhausted the ample funds of this unhappy young man, when one day in the private apartment of a cafe, the report of a pistol was heard, and he was instantly found dead, having his head shockingly mangled by this awful act of self-destruction.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."—We were reading Rev. Orville Dewey's Address to the public from a meeting in Washington for the relief of Ireland, in the presence of some children on Friday evening. In this sentence occurs—"Mother," said a child dying of starvation, as one of the letters reports—"Mother, give me three grains of corn!" That is what famishing Ireland says to us. The little ones were attentive and absorbed, and the conversation for some time was directed toward the misery of that unhappy country. The next morning after breakfast, as we stood at the back window,

we saw a little girl about four years old, feeding her pet chickens with crumbs of bread. We opened the window and reminded her that there was other food in a kitchen closet for them. "Oh, yes," said she, "I know it and Kippies know it too, but no matter, this will do."

"Some time after, as we were reading, the little one came to our side with a paper roll, and handed it to us, saying:—  
"Can't you send this to the poor little Irish girl that is starving?"  
"What is it?" said we.  
"Kippies' breakfast," was the reply.

We opened it—it was one of the paper cornucopias which Santa Claus had filled with bon bons for the stocking at Christmas, but in place of the confections, it was now filled with corn! The voice offering of a child! But this was not all. Pouring the corn out on the table, at the bottom of the paper bag we found a cent, taken from the little treasure store, which has been garnered for future uses. We placed the money and the seed as we found them, and will take care that they are delivered according to the child's request.—N. Y. Express.

## CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Sole Leather, Upper Leather, Calf-Skins, Shoes, Boots, Sugar, Molasses, Tea, Coffee, Spice, Fish, Canned Corned Beef, Tallow, Lard, Sperm Oil, Flaxseed Oil, Paints, &c., &c., by HEATON & IRISH. Dec. 28th, 1846.

## LOOKING GLASSES.

In connection with Hardware and Drugs, the subscribers have a large supply of new and handsome styles of large and small Looking Glasses and Looking Glass plates. Old frames refilled and glass cutting done to order.

CHESSMAN & WRIGHT. Salem, 11th mo 1, 1846.

## CHEAP FOR CASH.

The proprietors of the Salem Hardware and Drug Store, have just received their full supply of NEW HARDWARE and FRESH DRUGS. The patronage of their old customers, and the public generally is respectfully solicited. CHESSMAN & WRIGHT. Salem 11th mo 1, 1846.

## REMOVAL.

Georgie Orr has removed from the house of Ely, Kent & Brock, to the large and extensive Dry Goods house of LUDWIG, KNEEDLER & CO. No. 110, North 3d st., where he would be glad to have his Anti-Slavery friends call before making their Spring purchases elsewhere. Philadelphia, Jan. 7th, 1847.—76.

## MEDICAL.

### DRS. COPE & HOLE

Have associated for the practice of medicine. Having practised the WATER-CURE, until they are satisfied of its unequalled value, in the treatment not only of chronic but acute diseases, they are prepared to offer their professional services on the following conditions.

In all acute diseases, when called early, and when proper attention is given by the nurses, if they fail to effect cures, they will ask no fees. Residence east end of Salem. January 1, 1847.

## JUST RECEIVED

Directly from Philadelphia, a fresh supply of beautiful Plaid Linseys, black and brown Alpaca and Paramatta Cloth, cheap Cassimere and Cloths, black and white Wadding, Plain French Cloaking, and fashionable plaid silk bonnet linings by HEATON & IRISH. Dec. 28th 1846.

## Agents for the "Bugle."

OHIO.

New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and T. E. Vickers. Columbiana; Lot Holmes. Cool Springs; Malbon Irvin. Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes. Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas. Canfield; John Wetmore. Lowellville; John Bissell. Youngstown; J. S. Johnson, and Wm. J. Bright. New Lyme; Marsena Miller. East Fairfield; John Marsh. Selma; Thomas Swayne. Springboro; Ira Thomas. Harveysburg; V. Nicholson. Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke. Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson. Petersburg; Ruth Tomlinson. Columbus; W. W. Pollard. Georgetown; Ruth Cope. Bundrysburg; Alex. Glenn. Farmington; Willard Curtis. Elyria; L. J. Burrell. Oberlin; Lucy Stone. Ohio City; R. B. Dennis. Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle. Ravenna; E. P. Bassett, and Joseph Carroll.

Southampton; Caleb Greene. Mt. Union; Owen Thomas. Hillsboro; Wm. Lyle Keys. Berea; Allen Hixzy. Malta; Wm. Cope. Hinkley; C. D. Brown. Richfield; Jerome Hulbert, Elijah Poor, Lodi; Dr. Sill. Chester & Roads; H. W. Curtis. Painesville; F. McGrew. Franklin Mills; C. W. Leffingwell. Granger; L. Hill. Bath; G. McCloud. Hartford; G. W. Bushnell. Garrettsville; A. Joiner. Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. White, more.

## INDIANA.

Marion; John T. Morris. Economy; Ira C. Moulshy. Liberty; Edwin Gardner. Winchester; Clarkson Puckett. Knightstown; Dr. H. L. Terrill. Richmond; Joseph Alderman. PENNSYLVANIA. Fallston; Milo A. Townsend. Pittsburgh; H. Vashon.